

Tombstone Epitaph.

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PLEASANT VALLEY.

The Peaceful Name of the Place
Where Six Men Were Killed.

Further Trouble Anticipated Among
the Bad Men.

From the Flagstaff Champion we clip the following version of the feud in Tombstone.

"About a week since several cowboys, who had been in the employ of the Attec Land and Cattle Company, left Holbrook, where the headquarters of the company are, and went south towards Tombstone to a place called Newton's ranch. While there they heard that an old ranchman named Belvin, living on Canon Creek, had been missing for two or three weeks, and the residents of the neighborhood suspected foul play. The boys went over to a ranchman named Graham, and being joined by four men from that place, making eight in all, they went in search of the missing man. The next day they reached the residence of one of the Tewkesburys in Tombstone, and went up to the place to make some inquiries regarding the man they were in search of. A woman came to the door and stated that none of the men were in, and after a few words had passed the eight horsemen turned to leave the place. They had scarcely begun to move away when a volley was fired from the windows of the house. Two men fell dead from their saddles, John Payne and R. M. Gillespie, and a third, G. T. Tucker, was shot through the body, the ball entering his left side. Three horses were killed by the same volley. The men could not tell who their assailants were, and as the enemy was completely protected, the remaining six of the party could do nothing but ride away out of the range of the deadly weapons, leaving the dead men and horses on the ground. They made their way to Graham's as rapidly as possible with the wounded man Tucker, but he died before they reached the ranch. From information brought by a man who left Graham's ranch on Wednesday, a party had started from there to recover the dead bodies of Payne and Gillespie. To do so they would have to go within thirty yards of the house. No information of this expedition has been heard, but it is feared that further bloodshed may have ensued."

LATER.

HOLBROOK, Aug. 15.—Three more men have been killed in Pleasant Valley in Tombstone and things are looking squally. McFadden and Gillespie, cowboys of the Attec Cattle Co., and members of the Graham party, were first killed, the fight growing out of an old feud between the Graham party and the Tewkesbury party. Six men have been killed in the feud before the recent killing of McFadden and Gillespie. A number of men have left Flagstaff for the scene of the killing, and a bloody fight is anticipated. The determination on both sides can lead to little short of extermination of one party or the other. The most exciting news is momentarily expected.

They Were Caught.

Last Thursday morning Sheriff McCord, of Kern county, California, accompanied by his father, left here with two prisoners who are wanted there for murder. The two men are brothers Thurston and Theodore Lee, aged respectively 23 and 21 years. They are the sons of Dr. James Lee, formerly of Alamo, and earned an unenviable reputation there before going to California. The crime for which they were arrested was committed last March, and under circumstances which go to show that Sheriff McCord did a fine piece of detective work in hunting down the perpetrators of the crime. Their victim, a man named Smith, was a stranger in that part of California, having been there but a short time. The Lees became acquainted with him while the three were working on the ranch of Haggin & Carr, and the two arranged for a trip to New Mexico. Smith had a saddle horse and about \$200 in money and Thurston Lee bought a horse for the trip, but his brother failing to get one, probably because he intended to help murder Smith and complete the journey on his horse, stated that he would travel by rail. Theodore Lee took the train at Sumner, but traveled only twenty-five miles and left the railroad. A place of meeting had doubtless been arranged by the Lees before the journey began, and the murder was probably committed the first night. The body of Smith was found at a point about eighteen miles from where they started, about a month after the killing. The spring freshets had washed the earth from the place where the body had been buried, and it was discovered by a surveying party. The back of the dead man's head had been crushed in, apparently by a blow from a six shooter. Nothing was found on the dead body by which it could be identified, but a card was found in one of his pockets on which was the name of

a San Francisco gentleman. Sheriff McCord took up the clue and succeeded in tracing Smith from San Francisco to Kern county. He had driven a horse and buggy through the San Joaquin valley, and disposing of his rig, went to work, where he became acquainted with the Lees. McCord suspected the Lees and learned that they had started toward New Mexico and that one of them was riding Smith's horse. The sheriff succeeded in locating the two boys by watching the post office at Trevers, and, after having obtained the necessary papers, started for New Mexico. The father and son came here and registered at the Turner house under assumed names, and the Lees were found and arrested before they suspected anything. They were about twenty-five miles apart, and neither of them had ever been seen by Sheriff McCord before they were arrested. They were both engaged to be married in a short time, but the weddings have been indefinitely postponed. The evidence against the Lees is purely circumstantial, but will probably be sufficient to convict them of murder. The horse which was taken from Smith was ridden through to New Mexico by one of the Lees and was sold recently by him. The pantaloons which Smith wore at the time of the murder, were found on one of the Lees when he was captured. Sheriff McCord took possession of them and said they could be identified as Smith's. The boys appeared rather dubious, and refused to say much, though one of them told an improbable story about the manner in which they came in possession of the horse and trousers. The chances are that Theodore and Thurston Lee will never bask in the sunshine of New Mexico any more.—Silver City Sentinel.

A Peaceful Conquest.

As long as the Union of States under the constitution exists we will never be conquered or lose any of our substantial rights as a nation in an armed conflict. But there is imminent danger of a peaceful but effective subjugation of the white race on the Pacific Coast by a gradual influx of Chinese cheap labor and a corresponding displacement of white labor. When the Chinaman becomes skilled in mechanical arts—and he is daily becoming more and more so—in connection with the fact that he can be employed for less than one half the wages required by white men, there will be a stronger inducement for his employment than now exists. The self-interest of employers will continue to be a more important consideration than any claims of patriotism or the permanent welfare of our own race. There will be seen an eastern-bound tide of white labor to correspond with the incoming tide of Mongolians. In view of this danger we should not lose sight of or cease to urge the enactment of more stringent laws for their exclusion from our shores. The present laws are totally inadequate for the purpose. A writ of habeas corpus and a little ingenuity, supplemented by a small amount of Chinese perjury, are all that are needed for its evasion and the landing of the worst slave opium fiend or highbinder who ever passed through the Golden Gate.

An essay from the pen of M. Ernest Meyer in the Revue Politeque et Littéraire is a presentation of the danger from a French standpoint, and applies with equal or greater force to the United States. Here are a few figures out of many more that might be given: Six years ago, in 1881, there were 105,000 Chinamen in the United States, 195,000 in Latin-America, 250,000 in the Philippine Islands, 13,000 in the Guayanais, 32,500 in the Dutch Islands, 11,000 in Singapore, 105,000 in Annam, 100,000 in Cambodia; 47,000 in Cochinchina and 1,500,000 in Siam. These figures have grown, no doubt, greatly during the interval; and M. Meyer himself omits in his list in various regions equally invaded.—Burmah, Australia, Madagascar, Mauritius and several archipelagos of the Pacific and the West Indies and Central Asia and the Indian coast. Think of it! the Tai-ping rebellion cost twenty millions of Chinese lives; the Lulla rebellion between two and three millions; and almost every year since these awful occurrences, famines and floods and plagues, have swept millions to death; and still the hundreds and hundreds of millions stifle and starve and strive within the confinement of their colossal empire of 4,419,150 square miles! Every city of the civilized world holds them; they struggle everywhere merely to find room to live,—opportunity to save money on wages of fifteen or twenty cents a day—to start a business and make a fortune with a capital of \$50 or \$100;—and always, under pressure the yellow population intensifies, and the torrential rush of its emigrants broadens, and they die of hunger for very numbers at home. A Chinese workman can nourish himself at a cost of from eight to ten cents a day; he can live on less. There is the danger! Four hundred and nine millions of an Asiatic race capable of living at one-tenth the cost of living to European races! "Imminent" says M. Meyer, "this danger is—

the danger of the conquest, slow, sure, silent and pacific of Europe by China." If patriots strive to keep them out, self-interest will do quite as much to invite them in. Nor does the essayist encourage even the finest French workmen—the weavers, the gunsmiths, the masons, the cabinet-makers, the machinists—to rely upon their industrial superiority. He considers the Chinese workman highly dangerous rivals—even in point of excellence and skill. At home they are manufacturing much of what they used to purchase from abroad—even the products of the English looms will soon cease to be imported by them. And Chinese publishing houses have been established for translation of all scientific works from the French, English, and German languages. The problem involved can only be satisfactorily answered by the assurance that in the future the white races will prove capable of maintaining supremacy and superiority—superiority, physical as well as intellectual—superiority in their ability for self adaptation to all possible contingencies. At present this assurance can not be positively asserted; the future alone can confirm or destroy it.

The Great Mines of the World.

The world-famed Potosi mines, of Bolivia, yielded from 1546 to 1798, a period of 244 years, \$1,000,000,000. This sum is large, but to obtain it the labor of five generations of miners was required. In twenty-seven years the Comstock mines have yielded \$40,000,000, and a new system of working is now being inaugurated by which the lode will be made to yield up as much more in the next thirty years. But three mines in all the world have produced more bullion than the Comstock. These are the Potosi with \$1,000,000,000; Sierra Madre, \$800,000,000, and the Rio Grande \$650,000,000. Next to the Comstock come the Veta Madre, with a yield of \$335,945,000. The next in order, the Parramilla with \$70,000,000 shows a quick drop, and the yield of other mines of note then runs from \$30,000,000 down to \$16,000,000. The annual production of the whole world is now \$2,000,000,000. Half of this amount is produced in the United States. For twenty-five years past India has absorbed \$38,000,000 and China \$9,000,000 being \$47,000,000 a year. There are annually used in the arts in the United States gold and silver bullion to the value of \$15,000,000, and in the rest of the world not less than \$35,000,000, making a total of \$50,000,000, and for loss and abrasion \$3,000,000 more may be set down. Thus there is left for the purposes of coinage for the whole world \$100,000,000; yet there are those who howl about over production of silver and who wish to see it debased and sold like so much pig iron or bar lead.—Virginia Enterprise.

Meferdis' Against Baptists.

Arkansas Traveler.
"Uncle Josephus, I understand that there was quite a battle down at your house the other night," said the Governor of Arkansas, speaking to the old negro whose duty it was to stay about the state house during sessions to keep the legislators from carrying off anything.
"Wall, sah, we had er right sharp time down dar, sho's yer born'd, we did."
"I thought that it was to be a prayer-meeting."

"So did I, sah, an' so it wuz an' wouder been had'n' been fur dem blame Meferdis'. Da come down dar en mixid' wid us Baptists when da wa'n't 'vited. Eber' thing went erlong mighty well at fust, till Brudder Jake Harvey 'lowed dar it wuz time fur pra'r. Den er Meferdis' 'oman she bounced up, she did, an' wanted ter know ef we wa'n't gwine ter hab nuthin' ter eat. 'Look heah,' says I, 'does yer think dis is er haug-killin'?' 'Oh, no,' says she, 'fur I ain't seed none o' yo' folks gittin' killed yit.' Laws er massy, how ashy day 'spression did make me! I jes' ached, I did, ter flatten dat lady out ergin de wall, but I put mer hoof on mer temper ter hol' it down, an' satisfied mersef by boxin' her jaw."
"What! you didn't strike her!"
"Who didn't strike her?" he replied doggedly shaking his head. "I reckon I did strike her, an' right den dar burgun er 'formance dat wa'n't much like er pra'r-meeting', fur, bein' disperpinted in eatin', dem Meferdis' wuz hotter'n' brillin' soap. Dar's de way wid dem Meferdis', sah. Allus thinkin' 'bout eatin'. I 'spizes 'em."
"Was anybody hurt during the fight?"
"Wall, yas, sah, 'pear like dar wuz. Some pizenous pusson hit my wife wid suthin' and laid her up, an' doan yer think, sah, dat lady thinks I done it? Yas, she do gubner; yas she do. Think so 'caze seberal days ergo she hit me wid er rock. Tell de truf, I did sorter draw back at her. Er haw, haw!"

"Another carpenter has fallen off the new steeple and been killed," said the pastor of a Dakota church to one of the trustees. "Has there?—well I'll send up another. I tell you we'll run that steeple up higher than those methodists' spire if it takes all the carpenters in the country!" "I think myself," replied the minister, with a quiet smile, "that when they go to bucking against us on the height of a steeple they will find us stayers."

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